Laira Green. 30th Sept. 1838.

My dear Son,

This Elizabeth will drive me mad, unless I can first drive her out of her vagaries. Having little to do, she has taken it into her foolish noddle, by way of amusement, to dispose things in the house according to her taste. She has been even rummaging my cupboards for articles to set off a mantlepiece. Every thing I want is somewhere hidden by her unfair hands. Your bed-room furniture is all displaced to please herself; that and every thing else must be put back again in their proper places, or she will lose her place. I have just made the discovery, while she is taking her Sunday jaunt. If my present mood lasts, I'll give her warning.

Every one has been asking about your safe arrival, and I was glad to give the good news. I now look forward to other news, — that of your having found some situation to your mind. Any situation under a first rate engineer will

be worthy of your attention; but under a person who is inferior in his profession, even what may appear a good situation will, in all probability, be only loss of time. Before you fix with any one, seek the advice of some one capable to advise on such a point, — Mr. Lloyd's friend for instance, or some such person.

Addis's furniture was sold by auction two days ago. I bought the Cacti, and some odd things. They will be off before you receive this letter

Should you go to Midhurst, bring me my "Apocryphal New Testament", and the volume of "Tillotson's Sermons".

Should you see Mr. Mat.w Smooth at Chichester, bring me my "Guida di Firenze".

Tell Leigh Hunt when you next see him that I shall be happy to hear from him post.

Should you go to Ashford, give my best remembrances to all the Sulivans. Before you go, you had better write to Cara if they are or are not at home; otherwise you may be at fault.

I believe I gave you Severn's address. Be sure you call on him soon; and let me know

when he thinks of coming to the west.

Mr. Fay and family are next door till their shipment. Poor Mrs. Berry comes here dolorous at Mitty's ill temper. She will leave a bad odour behind here. She was disappointed at the sale, – things were not run up high; then the vessel arrived, to be ready for her on exactly the appointed day, which is provoking. Even her two favourites now complain. No one can approach her with impunity.

I am beginning to set my green-house in order; it will make a fine show this winter. Give my spiritual love to Sidney, – a different sort of love to Mrs. Stapler, – and kind remembrances to all friends. Uncle and brother Tom, it seems, are at Brussels, – for how long?

Your affectionate father,

Chas. Brown.

I sent no letter by you for Mr. Wilson. Of course, go when you will, you must buy your own candles.

Except that I have not quite got rid of my cold, I am very well.

Brother,
Richard,
Care of Mr. Rice
100 St Marys
Lond.

Charles Myers
Charles Myers
Charles Myers
Sarah
Sudbury
Thos
Thos
Thos